

# What's my hand to hold (without your heart to hold)

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**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-02-26

**Updated:** 2018-02-26

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:14:48

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,357

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Steve and Billy get in a fight about their future and have to overcome their fears of sharing their feelings to move on.

## **What's my hand to hold (without your heart to hold)**

### **Author's Note:**

From the Harringrove Challenge on tumblr!

This has been brewing under the surface for a while now, Steve thought as Billy spun around to face him once again, face contorted slightly, anger in his icy blue eyes as he spat his next words in Steve's direction.

"What does it matter?"

They'd been skipping around the subject for weeks, months even maybe, although they had only been together, for real, for four months. Graduation was still two months away but it felt so imminent and so detrimental to their relationship. A relationship that was still so new and exciting. But this moment was the new beginning that once upon a time they'd been so looking forward to. But now they were faced with the prospect of this newfound comfort and love falling apart.

"What do you mean?" Steve asked back, his voice strained, his throat tight as he tried to control his emotions. He was perched on his bed, the covers rumpled as he had left them that morning. Billy was leaning against his desk, arms crossed across the tight grey t-shirt he'd worn to school that day, his denim jacket hanging from the desk chair beside him.

"Why do we have to talk about this now? It's ages away." He growled out from between his teeth.

"Because it's not ages away you prick! It's two months away! I haven't even fucking decided what I'm doing and you're just-."

"What? I'm what Steve?" Billy asked, his voice raising, his fists clenched against his chest and his breathing spiked.

"You want to hit me don't you?" Steve demanded standing from the bed and suddenly forward, closer to Billy.

"Fuck off Steve." Billy told him, eyes closing leaning further onto the chair.

"No! You want to hit me; just because I want to talk about the future. About where we fit into each other's lives! But you won't talk! You never fucking do Billy! I have to talk for both of us. I have to make the decisions. I can't make this decision for you Billy! I don't know

what's going on in that head of yours!" Steve was shouting now, he didn't have control over himself, had lost his filter. It had been building up, but that damn was broken now and it was rushing full force at Billy.

"Steve, just..."

"WHAT BILLY?" Steve bellowed and he watched as Billy cringed away from him slightly, his knuckles popping as he clenched them ever tighter. Steve knew why he was doing this, deep down, he wanted Billy to react, he was pushing him so damn hard for any kind of reaction, good or bad. But there was nothing. He'd even like to be hit by Billy in that moment, at least then he'd know he was listening, that he understood what Steve was trying to say – even though he was struggling to say what he meant.

"Leave it Steve." Billy whispered tightly.

"No." Steve replied and watched those icy blue eyes reappear before him, closer now, and mad.

"Then I'm out." Billy announced, grabbing for his jacket on the chair beside him and brushing past Steve, boots stomping on the floor loudly in Steve's house.

Steve turned as he brushed by and before he could stop and think his actions through, he pushed at Billy's shoulder, hard.

Billy stumbled under his hands and turned once he'd righted himself, only long enough to stare Steve straight in the eyes with a look of pure loathing that made Steve feel as though he'd been punched in the gut. And then he was gone.

Steve stood frozen as he heard the roar of the Camaro outside, heard its tyres squeal in resentment.

"Fuck." Steve whispered to himself, stood in the middle of his room, very much alone. His breathing was spiking, his chest tightening and the threatening moisture of tears filled his eyes.

All he'd wanted was a fight, not physical, not really. He'd wanted to fight over what was going to happen. What their futures held? Whether Billy was thinking along the same lines as Steve. Because Steve wanted them to stay together, he didn't want to break up. Didn't want to be apart from Billy. But Steve had received no response, nothing but blank despondency from Billy that filled him with rage. A rage that had caused him to try and start a fight with the boy he...loved.

They hadn't said that to each other yet, but Steve knew he meant it when he thought about it. He was in love with Billy Hargrove and his

wicked mean humour and strong passionate love. And he liked to believe that maybe Billy felt the same way.

Steve didn't know what he'd do without him. His future just looked bleak and boring and lacklustre. He wanted to live and he wanted to do his living with Billy by his side, a fireball of energy that was contagious.

Steve knew exactly what he wanted to say, but somehow it just hadn't made it out. Not at all how he'd wanted it to.

And now Billy was angry with him and Steve honestly didn't know what to do.

School the next day was somehow worse than the argument itself, because Billy didn't even show up. Steve had waited past the bell for first class that morning out in the car park, praying to hear the obnoxious note of the Camaro but it never came. He'd watched the door to all the classes he shared with Billy, hoping that his blonde, tanned head would barge through the door, flipping a nonchalant apology at their teacher. But no.

By the end of the day Steve was agitated beyond belief, he couldn't keep his leg still beneath the desk in his last class as he thought through his plan for the rest of the day. He was going to find Billy and force him to talk this through, in a calm manner this time, he told himself sternly.

As the bell rang signalling the end of school, Steve jumped from his seat, hoisting his bag over his shoulder and running down the corridors and out of the school to where he had parked his beamer that morning. He was just turning the keys in the ignition when there was a knock on the drivers window by his head.

Steve jumped in his seat and looked to find a worried Nancy by his car, Jonathon was running across the parking lot towards them too.

Steve rolled down the window and by the time it was down Jonathon had reached the car to stand beside Nancy.

"You ok Steve?" She asked quickly.

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Just got to get going." He told them, eyes running between the two of them.

"You sure?" She asked again, reaching a hand through the window and placing it on his shoulder.

"I will be...promise." Steve muttered, raising his own hand to squeeze Nancy's and then gave her and Jonathon a small smile.

"If you need us, just call." Jonathon told him seriously as Nancy

pulled back her hand and hooked her arm around Jonathon's waist. "I will. Thanks guys. I'll see you tomorrow though." Steve told them, putting his car in gear and giving them a wave before leaving the school grounds and hitting the road, a little faster than he should have been.

He reached Billy's house in what could have been considered record time. There it was in the late afternoon sunshine, windows winking back at him as trees waved their branches in its path.

Steve sat still in his silent car, he'd turned the radio off as soon as he'd got in the car, the music seemingly too much to handle at that moment. Steve watched the house for a while, noting that the Camaro was on the drive but Neil's car was nowhere to be seen. Even so, as Steve got out of his car, locking it quickly before he walked around the back of the house.

He'd done this countless times since they'd finally gotten together, sneaking into the house to be together, as quiet as could be. Steve loved being in Billy's room, there was something so...Billy about it that he just couldn't get over. Everything smelt of him, his cologne, his general musk. Steve could almost imagine he could smell it from the other side of his bedroom window.

He stepped up close to the window, noting that it was lifted slightly, letting the summer breeze into the room, as well as letting in Steve. Pushing the pane as quietly as he could, Steve then hopped up, dropping one leg and then the other down into Billy's bedroom.

Straightening up, as a breeze rippled against his back Steve noted that Billy was fast asleep on top of his bed in a t-shirt and a pair of black boxers, curled up on his side, hands softly clenched by his head and legs bent at the knees slightly.

Steve loved how peaceful and young Billy looked in sleep. His long eyelashes shadowed his cheekbones delicately and his blonde hair was mussed up on the pillow, the curls wilder in sleep than they were in life.

Steve wouldn't wake him, wouldn't dream of it, he moved further into the room and took a seat on the foot of the bed where he unlaced his trainers and slipped them from his feet, bringing his feet up onto the bed and wrapping his arms around his knees, resting his chin atop.

The sun was filtering into Billy's room along with the summer breeze that filled the room with a lively scent, full of promise and happiness.

But Steve couldn't quite appreciate it, not when he and Billy were arguing. So he sat, waiting patiently for Billy to wake up and eventually he did.

The first signs of life came from the movement of his legs, restless almost, even in sleep. They stretched out, almost touching Steve's thigh in the process, his tanned toes pointing as a satisfied groan escaped his plump pink lips. And then his eyes were opening and their icy blue depths were staring deep into Steve's as they sat at opposing ends of the bed.

"Hey." Billy mumbles, moving to a seated position, leaning back against his headboard, running a hand through his hair awkwardly.

"Hi." Steve replies.

Steve can see Billy's adam's apple working as he watches him carefully.

"Listen..." Steve begins after a moment. "I-I just want you to know that...I don't want to do anything after graduation...without you." Steve announces, his voice small in the silent house and his eyes no longer locked with Billy's but watching his socked feet move agitatedly against the carpet. Steve can feel Billy moving as the mattress dips beneath him, and Billy's arm is wrapping around his waist, coming to rest his hand against his jean clad hip.

"Good." Billy mumbles as he leans in to press his lips against Steve's neck.

Steve can feel himself relaxing, his shoulders sagging in relief at the feel of those lips against his skin once more, wet and warm and so wonderfully calming and stimulating.

"You want to...be together still? A-after graduation?" Steve asks, his voice a little more sure this time as he leans back into Billy, his hand coming to rest on the other man's muscular thigh.

"I...I think I really do." Billy whispers gently, his thumb moving gently against Steve's side.

"Good." Steve says, unable to help the smile that takes over his features as he turns back to Billy.

Steve raises his hands to take hold of Billy's face, thumbs moving against his tan cheeks as he leans in to take his lips between his own.

"Good." Billy mumbles, chuckling as he does, between kissing Steve back. Billy's hand is more insistent now, moving up and down Steve's ribs as they turn further into one another, lips parting so their breath mingles and their tongues intertwine.

The summer breeze is filtering over them as they kiss and hold one

another. Steve pulls away and runs a hand through Billy's curls before laying back on his bed, legs still hanging over the edge as he lets out a sigh of contentment.

"So...what is it you want to do after graduation Stevie?" Billy asks as he too lays down on the bed, resting on his side, elbow lifting his head up to stare down at Steve.

"I want to go to college, whether I get in is a whole other story but I want to do history I think...I mean, there's plenty of time to work it all out right?" Steve asks looking over at Billy, noting the small smile there, his bright teeth shining out from between his lips.

"You going to be a teacher Mr. Harrington?" Billy asks as his smile widens, eyebrows wiggling as he rolls onto his stomach, so close to one another now, bodies lined up against one another as they spoke softly.

"Maybe...I guess I've never given it much thought." Steve mused happily moving his hand up and down against Billy's thigh, fingers fiddling with the hem of them.

"I think it'd be kinda sexy." Billy remarked resting his hand on Steve's chest, drawing his fingers in lazy circles against the tight t-shirt there.

"What?!" Steve asks amused.

"You know...I could be sleeping with a teacher...there's something sexy about that." Billy told him, hand moving lower and lower down Steve's abdomen, coming to rest against the tops of his jeans.

"You're kidding right?" Steve asked.

"Not one bit." Billy tells him beginning to undo the button of his jeans but struggling a little.

"So you do think Mr Karabresch is hot!" Steve exclaims laughing loudly to himself while Billy lets go of the jeans and flops his head exasperatedly onto the bed.

"Shut up Harrington!" Billy tells him into the comforter, his voice muffled making Steve laugh even louder as another gust of wind ruffled through the room, lifting their hair gently as the sun began its slow descent while the couple laughed and talked about the future.

### **Author's Note:**

I'm on [tumblr](#) | btw, come say hi!